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#### TRUTHS ABOUT LIES.

N American Truth Society has just been launched to discourage misrepresentation and lying. This is probably a good, well-meaning society-but Heaven keep it from going too far!

Telling the truth is all well and good if you don't tell too much of it. But what would happen if everybody went around handing out nothing but hard, cold chunks of grim sincerity? What kind of happy homes would there be if every husband and every wife said exactly what they really thought of each other? How many friends would a man have if he always said to the bore: "No, I do not wish to ride downtown with you, and I think your oldest boy is a plumb fool!" A man who undertook to tell nothing but the absolute truth for a week would probably and very properly be killed toward sundown on the second day.

No, no. The suppression of truth is one of the highest, most sacred duties of civilized man. The one thing in all the world that helps most in the day's work, that makes things seem less unbearable when they go wrong and more delightful when they go right-is Vanity. To protect Vanity, and cherish it and keep it in good spirits and werking order, man has invented Tact.

Tact and Truth are fair friends so long as each respects the other. Hold with Tact and you'll be happy. Go too far with Truth and you'll be lonesome.

#### THE LAST PENNYWORTH OF GLORY.

N English actress, whose post-card picture circulates by millions, left her future husband waiting at the altar, sent word she did not feel like marrying that day, but did marry him next morning. Needless to say, both the halted wedding and the actual one got four times as much space in the newspapers as the plain, untroubled event would have had.

Perhaps the lady was really ill. Perhaps there was some kink in the settlements. People of her prominence and profession, however, so naturally and instinctively exact the uttermost farthing of tribute and adoration from the public that it is easy to believe she did the whole thing on purpose.

Artists, actors, authors never get quite enough fame. There is an admirable French story of an aged retired novelist and post who in a long lifetime has received every possible honor and nark of adulation. He seems beyond any further temptation from glory. His position is supreme.

Yet one day, annoyed that an old friend has just published a new volume, the first author casts jealously about in his mind for sometling with which to rush into print. At last he remembers some impassioned letters of his youth written to a girl he has not seen or heard of since he was twenty. But has she kept them?

In a fever of haste he hunts her up, finds her procaically married-much moved at seeing him-and makes his request. After looking at him silently she leaves him a moment, returning with the packet of letters which have been the pride and treasure of all her long, disappointed life. With tears running down her cheeks, she hands them to him. Barely thanking her, he hurries away to get them in shape for the printer.

The vanity of the artist survives everything. He would "rather hear people speak ill of him than not speak of him at all."

#### FOILS AND FISTS.

"WHITE HOPE" turns up in France, of all places! Georges Carpentier, the young Frenchman who knocked out "Jim" Sullivan at Monte Carlo the other night, becomes the midd'eweight champion of Europe.

We too often think of the French as a people who only like to by diagnosed the exchement to be at fight by pricking each other politely in the forcarm with shiny foils, least partially on account of the boss or who, when they do put up their hands, bring in their feet as well. In the last few years, however, France has come to be one of the it as a matter of his own alert-and-"sportlest" countries in Europe, Football, cricket, tennis, boxing he grow more popular every season, the French frankly and enthusiastica'ly borrowing sports and even the words that go with them from across the Channel. Just now the pupil is complimenting his teacher by beating him at his own game.

# LOST ARTICLES AND THEIR SECRETS.

HIRTY-FOUR THOUSAND articles were left in subway and Johnson, the cashler.
Well, he needn't try to bawl me It is absurd, however, to say that New Yorkers are becoming more careless or forgetful. The natural increase in travel easily accounts for the higher number.

But in the list of things found-monkeys, chickens, snakes, artifirtal legs, teeth, wigs, burglars' tools, oplum pipes, dynamite, story Manu-cripts-are wonderful hints and revelations of the secrets and r y teries of character that lie hidden in the pockets and packages of the thousands of people we rub against day after day.

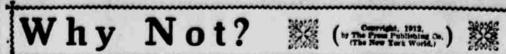
If all the flesh, blood and bone in a crowded subway car were suddenly to melt away into thin air, leaving nothing but little piles of clothing and bundles, a novelist could still make close guesses and construct marvellous life stories out of pockets and parcels.

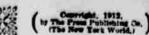
THE Colonel, it is announced, has selected Mr. Roscoe Conkling Mitchell, late of the esteemed Herald, as his press agent. Mr. Mitchell by happy chance served in a like capacity for Dr. Frederick A. Cook upon his return from the "Pole."

## Letters from the People

Editor of The Evening World; change snawer to R. H.'s experience with cigar.

In the World Almanee,







#### The Boss Interviews Mr. Jarr; It's Not the Sort of Interview You Think

You know I haven't been a bad boss by the hand and was shaking it while

ver forget it! But oh, dear, de think it should come to this! Me forty Handbook of Notable New Yorkers! Alkerchief, wiped his eyes, blew his nose and then slammed his top desk drawer

open and shut in an agitated manner. "Is Jack dilver the man! "Certainly not!" cried the boss. "Why should a decent and fine young man like that, a young man I highly respect, do If it were possible to run twenty-car

"Who told you? Did she write?" "She?" repeated the old man. "It are placed to get people to and pick up wasn't a She. It's in a man's writing. But what makes you suspect Jack Silver? And why should a woman be mixed up with a Black Hand gang?" "A Black Hand gang?" oried Mr. Jarr

And he came near adding: "Oh, I thought your wife had eloped!"
"Certainly, a Black Hand gang! Didn't you know I got a Black Hand letter this norning, couched in the most mysterious tones, talking of the death of a Mr. Hopkins-killed, I suppose, for resisting their demands? Look at this!"

And with trembling hands Mr. Smith reached into the top drawer of his deak several times benotepaper on which Mr. Sidney Slavinonce Slavinsky-had copied from Complete Letter Writer" sample letter No. XII. "From a Young Man Who Has an Opportunity to Set Himself Up in Business, to a Gentleman of Reputed Benevolence."

couched in ambiguous terms, but you every large city in this country and in see plainty it's a demand for money."

Mr. Jarr, who had been present when the letter was copied, thought it the hour that did not carry passengers "You are mistaken," declared the better part of discretion to regard it standing. Business conditions

Smith. "Look what's inclosed!" And to hat to where they are soing. They have been been somether sheet of soiled don't mind standing up if they get a paper on which was acrawled a long quick ride. We elected Gaynor, Mccommunication headed LETTER XIII.

Aneny, Prendernast and the other city The Gentleman's Answer. "See the sig-officials who are to decide this thing, on nifeance?" oried old Mr. Smith. "Letter the platform of more subways in a laundry man. "It is Abraham Lincol Thirteen! And after it thanks the black- burry. If they haven't done the best they hander for filled duty to his aged parent. could the people are not to blame, and then, not Col. Roosevelt," and a lot of rot like that, it says, 'It will will hand them what is coming to them

By Maurice Ketten THE "RIB" She Tells the Secret

# By Helen Rowland

VE just been to hear a lecture on 'Woman's Economic Independence," announced the lib, as she clutched her chatelains with one hand and the Mere Man's coat sleeve with the other, "Come and buy me some strawberries and cream and tea!

"And did they decide that Economic Independence consisted in finding somebody to furnish you with strawberries and cream and tea?" inquired the Mere Man meekly, as he led her to the nearest tearoom.

"They didn't decide anything," gurgled the Rib. "They all had to hurry back and curl their hair and powder their noses and polish their finger nails before their husbands got home." What!" exclaimed the Mere Man in astonishment, "Have they HUSBANDS?"

"Of course," returned the Rib dipping a big red strawberry into the pow-dered eugar. "Why else should they want economic independence?" "And do their husbands hurry home and curi their hair and put powder on their noses and polish their little pinkies for Wifle's return?" inquired the Mere

"Nonsense, Mr. Cutting!" remonstrated the Rib, "Don't you ever read the Woman's magazines? 'A wife must keep herself dainty if she wants to hold a man's love.' But a woman's love is supposed to be held on with a patent safety

pin," she giggled. "It's the kind that won't come off."
"Just what Is Woman's Economic Independence, anyhow?" queried the Mare "I don't know," confessed the Rib confidentially. "But from what I could

glean, it's something like a Dutch treat camping trip I went out on last sum the cooking, washed the dishes, made the beds and got up the laundry, while the men loiled around on the grass and told them how cute and domestic the

"Well, what was the matter with that arrangement" demanded the More

"In the kitchen?" inquired the Rib sarcastically. "Yes, of course. And man's is in the easy chair. There are lots of men big and broad enough to let a woman go right on with her career or her work after marriage, but there never was one big and broad enough to get out his clean linen and fix the water for his bath. The trouble with economic equality is that it ends right at the front door. A woman may be an equal 'round the office, but she'll never be anything but a footstool 'round the house. No matter what she's been doing all day, she must get through in time to sew on buttons and lay out her husband's evening clothes and make herself sweet and bright and kissable for the week existence man's' return! No matter how tired or cross she is herself, she must be the cheery little comforter-the little headache soother, and grouch re

"Oh, well," broke in the Mere Man desperately. "I suppose you are k for a nice little mollycoddle husband who will lay out your slippers and your kimono, and have a cup of tea and a sweet smile waiting for you and bashe your head in eau de cologne when you come home from the office or the bridge club or the golf links."

"ME!" exclaimed the Rib coldly. "I'm not looking for a husband at all, Mr. Outting. Not for THAT kind, anyhow. The kind I'm looking for is one who will work hard all day at the office while I go shopping, and then come home bringing violets and candy. I'M not yearning for economic ted-persons but if I were I'd know how to get it!"

How?' demanded the Mere Man anxiously.

"I'd marry a nice, rich, hard-working man."
"Of course; of course," agreed the More Man delightedly.

"DIVORCE Mm? What for?"

"So that I'd be sure of receiving a regular amount of money every track without having to beg or coax for it or to answer for how I spent it," explimed the Rib, helping herself to the last strawberry with perfect equanimity. "THATE Economic Independence, and it's the only kind there is or ever will be-for a RIB!"

### The Week's Wash By Martin Green.

ROM what some of the papers reasonable terms in the su eay," remarked the head pol-snatter and that it in the

wants for operating the new sub-

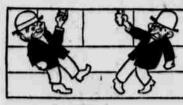
ways is by standing the people up to strape. "What do we

aundry man, "Nobody expects the up \$77,000,000 and not get any is the co

000,000 in a hole in the ground is some plant.

ways usked for money for things that straps 1: is a well known transportawill get my name in the paper as a tion fact that you couldn't run enough philamithropist! And now it's all over!" cars on any main line of travel in this Here the old man let go of Mr. Jarr's city or any other city to give every hand for a moment, took out his hand-kerchief, wiped his eyes, blew his nose If there were subways under every avenue in Manhattan the bulk of the passengers would have to stand up during the ruch hours,
"Traffic conditions regulate the

length of trains and elation platforms travel. Passengers like to get into cars that stop near the mairways leading to these arteries and that is why the middle cars of the trains are always three blocks after getting out of a train to reach the point for which they are bound, nor will they walk a couple of



blocks after entering the subway to

"See. Mr. Jarr-Ed-I mean! It's avoid. I have ridden on street cars in with startled surprise. Finally he said:
"What difference does that make?" oneses it puzzles me. But you
congested district during a limited time
don't you know yet, when I speak,
loon't you know yet, when I speak,
loon't have to send the money, you
know."

'Oh, don't I?" replied the shaking Mr.

"The people of this town are anxious."

give me great pleasure to send you the the next time said officials run for office "If they start the subways right now

say," remarked the head pol-isher, "the only way the Inter-a grizzly bear with the subway question borough can real-ize the profit it Gen. Grant said, and also let us ha-

New Breed of Crooks.

660 REAT work the police did to rounding up the taxicab rob

"Very good sleuthing," admitted the about the case that impresses me. That cops that an entirely new breed of criminals is working in New York,

"It has long been maintained by old time sleuths that all crimes of importance are committed by men with



bulls of the Central Office, These eld timers howl for the reinstatement of ground that this lineup enables crooks.

"None of the young boobs who enever have appeared in the lineup, Any of them could have streulated freely below the Byrnes dead line, and the sicuths down there wouldn't have known them for crooks. These young bandits are bad men, but they had no bandits are bad men, but they had men police records in th' town. Their arrest goes to show that crime keeps picking up new recruits, ancient dejective theories to the contrary nowith standing."

In New Makeup.

66 SEE," said the head polisher "that Col. Theodore Rooseve" "You are mistaken," declared the



who is seeking the Republican nomina-

NOT WHAT SHE MEANT.

"What can I do about it, sir?"

the earliest relief we can expect is in where a man married a girl on his boss, "you know the underworld. Detective Stallinghull of Headquarter will be to dull of people in the rush hours it lions when he was gone. Could you be not any minute. Tell him about all headquarters will be by denser of exploding. Me lions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

The despends characters you know persons and Franciscopies, both of when a girl like that?

gold piece, a 22 bill and 45 cents in change and take out his 5 cents for the cigar.

H. PERSICO,

and gave one dollar, which the To the Editor of The Eccles World:

Keeper could not change, although Where can I find what the requirener who bought a five-cent! torekcoper could not change, although a could change a 25 bill, here is my ments are for entrance to the Military acknows a 25 bill out could change a 25 bill out could change a 25 bill out could change a 25 congressman.

WHEN Mr. Jarr reached his office

The first man on the job always takes

"-while his companions slept,

Was tolling upward to the night!"
When Mr. Jarr was first to the break-

fast table or at the office he was al-

ways personally piqued at those who came after. But when he was late

out because I'm a little late this morning," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "It isn't of-

would his business be if we didn't look

after it early and late? Besides, I was

here every night till after ten, the last of the year!"

Cold Weather Wit.

ten he gets here early, and

getting on the works first.

this fine March morning he

found an air of mysterious ex-

of persecuted grievance Mr. Jarr tones, "Ed, old man-I can call you Ed. say, my wife she musn't know a word stalked gloomily into the boss's private can't I? We're friends, aren't we? of this--." He had grabbed Mr. Jarr

But matead of a frowning, pompous, to you, have I7 And then you've got a he rattled on excitedly—
mern and accusing employer—a crushed, fine wife and fine children. And my
"You introduced me to that dear, infeeble and frightened old man sat wife—only a girl, herself, you know, nocent child. I'll never furgive it—oh. cowed and crumbled at his flat-topped Ed, old boy!-she's just crary about excuse me, I'm all upset-I mean I'll

# Interviews With Cupid Heart-to-Heart Talks With the God of Love

on Subjects of Individual Interest. By Barbara Blair

Plans. the recollection of the times he had been early sustained his conscious rec-

must not take these little remarks of mine as personal to yourself." "Nothing pleases me better," I replied coldis, "than to loarn that the nature as I could have made you great." ways thought you a good-for-nothing little wretch and I don't want to have

ANYPHING to do with you." "If that is the way you feel about to shall have to turn this matter over to some one else. It is too important to be lightly or gradgingly attempted. "Oh, I am perfectly willing to betp you along with any one clae; but how CAN I help the God of Love?"

"Well, there are several reasons. The fact that you are a writer who has work for him. I really gone to a good deal of pains to reack I COULD refuse him. reason I find especial outisfaction in making you write for me. Another renson is that you are young enough to have sympathy with my work and old enough to understand me; you are attractive enough to have lovers, without being pretty enough to excite the enenough to follow my instructions, and wise enough to follow my instructions, and wise enough to believe them when I tell you they are necessary. You are not interested in ANY ism, plony, movement or cause. Therefore, you will be able to give ME planty of time. If you they are followed.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World), No. 2 - Cupid Explains His will just put your HEART in my work, I have no doubt you will be equal to

Plans.

OU are very prompt," I said which I shall assign you,"

when Cupid entered, again "But there are so many much more without knocking. "And important things in the world than you.

for permission be-fore entering a don't you know nobody can DO anyperson's private thing or BE anything without ME? Conly I. Love, am the controlling power "Love is always in long sustained effort of any kind t," the which is really worth while. You turn your back on me in common with many does Love ever other little folk who sneer at me, and

wait for permis-sion. But as I "What has Ambition done for you?" sion. But as I "What has Ambition done for you? have explained NOTHING. What has he made of you? tore, the object of warning to other people. You wouldn't my call has abso- play with me nor work with me, now you shall work POR me. I shall make you my secretary, If you are ambitious and work hard, I shall see that you are successful, but you will never be great

> "Oh, Cupid!" I sighed. "I mean it, every word. I am done with you. You can't trifle with ME." And with crossed arms, he strode sternly back and forth in front of me "I dont want to be your secretary," I protested.

Don't you know yet, when I speak, everybody listens? When I ask for service, it is mine?" It was true. Reluctant as I was to work for him, I really did not feel that

"What must I do?" I seled.
He drew his chair closer and lowered his voice to a confidential whisper, "Nobody around, sh? Walls pretty thick? Sure we won't be overheard?"

Some one knocked. cried distractedly, "I don't want to